LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THE DAILY STAR

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the qualf whistles lond in the wheatfield
That is yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawbery grows;
They garher the earliest snow-drops
And the first crimson bad of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find the dusky grapes, purple
in the soft-intect Outstoer light,
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than I taly wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the delicate sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's ha maock nest swings,
And at night time are foided in slumber
By a song that a fond mether sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest; The humble and poor become great; And from these brown-handed children

Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand. -{Kokomo Tribune.

A PEEP IN THE WINDOW.

A True Story.

A was growing dark in the city streets, men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the

great window of plate glass, through was dropping upon his breast. of the room. The bright light struck dark street to his waiting mother. look up," the boy was thinking.

wine glass, which he filled and drank, the destruction of the red wine. never once looking toward the window.

"Please, sir." That was all the boy said. He had hall; and without stopping to knock he had opened the great door which led to the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at

what he had done. "What is it my small man?"

Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came easily to his handsome face; but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a long while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went rapidly into his pocket.

I wanted- mean-please sir, I will go

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. His er it was a hundred or a hundred thousmanner, too, at first so eager and now so embarrassed had aroused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered and that his garments were thin and poor. He rose, took the boy by the hand, and led him to the fire which was dancing on the hearth-a big. jolly fire, which seemed trying to make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a poor little boy with patched clothes, to sit in one of the crimson arm chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the chair.

"You will tell me your name at least?" "Yes, sir. My name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

"Ah ?" Mr. Leonard was smiling, now as he saw the boy's courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?" "Angry! why in the world should I be

angry with you?" "I didn't know but what you might if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear, Eddie, I am anxious to know what you have to tell."

The little boy stretched out his thin hands, red with cold, toward the glowing 'ire, and said:

"I work in the dye-house now, and get a good deal of money—a dollar a week." Mr. Leonard could not help laughing. worth a -. The wine he had offered the child cost

more than that. "I come past this big window every aight on my way home. I shan't come again, though, because we are going to lamation, when the president said: "Mr move away. I like to look in here, because it is so warm and pleasant, and be you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," by for 20 or 30 years of one's life," the cause you are sitting here, and have eyes was the reply, "if he was half seared to bleasing is in danger of losing some of like my father's." like my father's."

"What a strange child," Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the fire-lights. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours, and he lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wine glass.

"Mother would cry sometimes, but he wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he got back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed because I thought he was dead. The black man that drove the horses, came up stairs and helped mother get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if any one went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that, mother packed up our clothes and went to live where she could get some money. We've only got two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This is what you wanted to tell me!" "Yes, sir. Every time I come by the ger to reach comfortable homes; the window and see you sitting here, you horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons make me think of my father, and I wonwith more willingness than usual, as if dered If you had any little boy at home, they too, knew that the day's work was and how he and his mother would feel if slight change had taken place in their over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. you should die because of red wine," and relations; our friend had the experience The lamplighters were going their rounds, then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton and trying to make up for the lost day- slid down from the big arm chair and light. Little children were safe and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turn- tion." ed his face away. Eddie wondered if All but one, perhaps. A little boy the gentleman was crying too. He could stood on the deserted sidewalk, close to a not see the big brown eyes, for his head

which he gazed with rapt face. A great | "I'm going home now, sir. My mother room with painted ceiling overhead, and | will have supper ready, and be frightened a chandeller which seemed to make real if I don't come," and before Mr. Leonard times he is a candidate, and semetimes sunshine. The walls were covered with had roused from the painful reverie, the fine paintings, A marble table, heaped child had slipped from the warm cheerwith delicious food, stood near the center ful room, and was running down the

through the great decanter, and made a In all the years to come Arthur Leoncrimson stain on the white hand of a ard and Eddie Boynton-man and boygentleman who sat at the table reading a may never meet again. The room in newspaper. A large diamond ring on the luxurious club house is deserted; one finger seemed to wink and blink at the fire is out, the room is dark, the the little boy outside. "I wish he would heavy curtain is down at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown But though he waited and watched the eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, man did not move for a long time. Then and to the rosy boy that hangs around he flung the paper down, and reached his neck the father whispers: "God out the hand with the diamond for a bless you, my child, and keep you from

> What Presence of Mind Did for a Soldier It was during the siege of Wagner, and

the Union parallels were but a few hunstepped from the street into the wide dred yards away from the line of grim high and dry on the shingly beach, he black tubes that ever and anon "embowelled with outrageous noise the air-disgorging foul their devilish glut-of iron globes." A line af abattis was to be built across a clear space in point-blank range of the rebel gunners and sharp shooters. "Sergeant," says the officer in charge,

of the story), "I started right off. When I got to the opening I put 'er like the devil in a gale of wind. What with grape, canister, round shot, shell and a has for amateurs or which the old sait regular bees' nest of rifle balls, I just think there must have been a fearful "Oh, no, sir; I never thought of that. drain of ammunition on the Confederate government about that time. I don't know how it was, but I didn't get so much as a scratch, but I did get powerful scared. When I'd got under cover I couldn't er told for the life o' me whethand paces; I should sooner er guessed ; hundred thousand. Says the captain, Well, sergeant, what do you make it? Soon's I could get my wind, says I, 'Give a guess, captain.' He looks across the ppening a second or two, and then says. hundred and seventy-five paces, say. Thunder, captain, says I, 'you've made a pretty close guess. It's just a hundred and seventy-one." "And," added the sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, that's how I got my shoulder straps."

"Old Nails."

[Boston Commercial.]

The wiry old President of a commer cial bank is known among the younger financial fry of his town as "Old Nails, -possibly from his incisive decision and driving way of doing business.

Some time ago a business man of th place, and a brother of the church in good standing, had a note discounted at this old worthy's bank. When it became due, the President, at the solicitation of the maker's friends, though against his own judgment, extended it. When the final time of payment came, the note was discovered to be a forgery, to the scandal of the church and the astonishment of the town, but not to that of the astute bank President.

The brethren, however, rallied around the erring one, the note was paid and the matter supposed to be hushed up. Some time after, however, the bank received a letter from another financial institution, asking their opinion as to Mr.—'s note.
"Old Nails" said he would answer the

President—Bank:
DEAR SIR:—In regard to Mr. note we would say: If it is a forgery it will be paid by the First - Church, of Bushytown; If it is genuine, it is not Respectfully,

letter, which he did as follows:

Perhaps He Would Run. A menber in the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his dec-----, do you suppose a general would ad-dress his soldiers in the manner in which PROFESSIONAL POLITICIANS.

Some Ripe Remarks by a Far-away Exchange.

[New Orleans Picayune.] If any political philosopher of Louisi ana should undertake to write a treatise upon "the cause and cure of professional politicians," he would not find it necessary to go beyond the boundary lines of his own State to obtain an abundant would kiss her, and tell her that good illustration of his theme. We may say, home of the particular species of the genus homo under consideration.

Notwithstanding the fact that the State was well supplied, not to say overstocked, by its native growth of that peculiar staple, we have for many years received heavy importations in the same line from four quarters of the habitable globe. The commonwealth has been infested by cultured philanthropists tum, which a balloon is without. You from New England until it has become cannot throw a tuft of cotton against little more than a common poverty. It the wind, for the reason that it has no has been compromised out of all recogniresistance. The balloon's mission is scition of itself by broad, liberal cosmopolitan men of genius from the Middle States. It has constructed ideal roads to ruin, and taken short and easy lessons in bankruptcy, under the inspiration of powerful minds from the far and farther

Our education under these influences is admirably epitomized in the brief history of a young merchant who went into business with a partner who furnished the experience, while he himself furnished the money. At the end of a year a and his partner had the money. The bearing of this anecdote, as Capt. Cuttle would have said, "lies in the applica-

So intimate is the acquaintance of our public with the dark ways and vain tricks of the professional politician that we need hardly define him. He is a man who lives by office and for office. He runs for office when he is out, and he holds on to office when he is in. Somehe is an office-holder; but be is always either one or the other, and frequently he is both. He belongs to no party; but, as a rule, all parties belong to him. His accomplishments are as various, and his methods are as multifarious as his necessities are numerous. He can draw up a Democratic or a Republican platform, a hard money or a soft money manifesto, with as much ease and precision as he can stuff a ballot-box or repeat a bogus vote. He can adapt himself to any situation, and has no objection to living in the country when he cannot find a place in the city. If he cannot dwell within the tent he is willing to be a door-keeper. He is too liberal, too versatile and too progressive, of course, to have any fixed principles. He goes in on the ground-swell and ebbs back with the tidal wave. It is one of his favorite maxims that only fools are consistent; but when occasionally he finds himself "left," so to speak, pulls a long face, and says he would rather be right than to be president-for this man indulges in sentiment when he

is not otherwise employed. If there is one feeling more deeply seated than any other in the professional politician's breast, it is his boundless contempt for the unprofessional politi-"go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible." Says the distance as near as possible." Says the sergeant (for we will let him tell the rest incongruous and ill-conditioned creature of the story) "I stored with an umbrelsome popular fatuity forced into office. It is the contempt which the stock-actor has for a land-lubber.

You may imagine yourself, if you please, the political, social, intellectual and moral equal of your ward club; but just go into that assembly of notables and undertake the role of an active participant, and you will very soon be made to feel that you are an impertment intruder. You see, you are an unprofessional, an outsider and a muff, generally. You are expected to stay at home and at tend to your own business, which is to subscribe to the campaign funds and vote the straight ticket. If you have any other mission in life, or excuse for existence, the professional politician, for

his part, fails to see it. . We need not argue that this is a most preposterous state of affairs. You writhe under it, good easy man; but the ques tion is, what are you going to do about it? Get up and denounce the professional politicians, and to-morrow some ring-organ will reply that you are trying to discourage the discussion of public questions, and will remind you that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Declare yourself against ward-bummers, wire-workers, shoulder-hitters, and all that ilk, and you will be held up to the scorn of your fellow-citizens as a bloated aristocrat ready to grind and oppress the poor and unfortunate. Oppose a candidate who has been a chronic office seeker all his life, and whose supporters are for the same class, and you will be told that he is a man of experience, that he is a tried public servant, and that for having held so many offices he ought to be rewarded with more offices. Propose in opposition a man who has exposed his life for his people and sealed his devotion with his blood, and some smart journalist will sneeringly remark that he is a mere soldier. Bring forward a thorough business man, a man of affairs, and it will be objected that he knows nothing of points of order. Once again, good easy man, what are you going to do about

If you mean to win, you will do this about it: You will register; you will vote at the primaries. You will see that all your friends register and vote. If you fail you will not give it up, but you will try it again. After that you will insist upon a fair count, and you will get it.

Loses Some of Its Delights.

A lady contributor to a newspape writes that it is all very pretty to say, "Home is not home without a baby," but that when one has "a perpetual be

The Future of the Balloon

Prof. King has been interviewed by a reporter on the New York Express, and The way in which sensational journals the following is his view of the possibili- work up a scandal is well told in a New ties of the balloon:

and justly so, because there are those dalous misconduct as to an American who claim for it impossibilities. It can minister, a man now over 60 years of only be used and valued for what it is age, was hawked around the streets of worth to science. It will never be used New York and offered for sale to any as a carrier in the strict sense, because paper that would purchase it. indeed, that Louisiana has been the hot that is impracticable; but for scientific bed, the nursery, the barem and the research it is the only means we have of tendered to that paper for a very small studying the higher regions and learning sum, the seller informing the editor that about the upper currents-about the for- it would prove a profitable investment mation of rain and snow and the action of storms. It is the only thing by which we can reach a point in the heavens clear of the earth; and for these purposes it is invaluable.

"The day will never come when bal-loons will be made to navigate the air against the currents. That can only be done by flying-machines having momenentific in several ways. You know, in case of war, it has been very useful in escaping from besieged cities, like Paris, for instance, and for military operations it is the only way you have of looking into the enemies' fortifications with impunity. It is also valuable for looking down into deep water. I had an offer made to me once to float over Lake Erie and search for a steamer that had sunk in a storm. From a balloon you can look down to the bottom of very deep water, because you are away far enough to overcome the reflection of the sky. From my balloon here I can see the channels the boats take to Rockaway very clearly.

"I have not the least doubt that the air will be navigated by a flying-machine, but it will have to fly better than a bird flies, the same as a ship swims better than a fish; that is, the ship will carry a thousand passengers and a heavy cargo and go through the water very swiftly, while a fish has all it can do to take care of itself. The flying-machine will have wide, strong wings, and will be propelled by some great force-it may be nitroglycerine, it may be gunpowder, and it may be hydrogen and oxygen gas, or it may be something else that will give it momentum; but, whatever it is, it will be light and compact, so that a handful of it.

A base-ball travels when hit with a bat, and, if there should be a fly on its surface, it would carry its passenger. You know how nicely a piece of card-board can be shied through the air. The flyingmachine will operate on something like the same principle, but balloons will never be used for the purpose, being, as I said before, without momentum.'

Seaboard Men. [Boston Transcript.] Go into a seaboard town and study its people. You will find them hardy and fearless. Warfare with the ocean has made them so. Their life is one long conflict with the elements, and they become inured to danger and to hardship. But familiarity with the sea breeds no contempt for it. Knowing it best, they fear it most, for they have seen how relentless it can be, how it will play with the lives of men. They stand in awe of it, and watch it as anxiously as a keeper of wild animals watching his dangerous charge. Self-reliant they are, and what men may dare they dare; but they there are things that men may not dare, and when, be it to save life that is in peril, or to win bread for the wife and little ones at home, they take risks that prudence does not warrant, it is with full knowledge and understanding of the danger, and with proportionate courage. Contact with the sea makes men manly, and in no way is their manliness shown more than in their confession of weak ness in the presence of their master, the

"Chinamen Hanker After It."

[Rawlins (Wy.) Journal.] Journalistic courtesies are not confined to Chicago. They break out in the far West occasionally.

When No. 7 emigrant train reached Rock Springs last Tuesday, a Chinaman clambered into the caboose, and eagerly asked:

"You ketch 'um Carby County News?" "No." replied the conductor, "what in h-alifax do you want with a newspaper? not hers an inestimable gift? You can't read, can you?"

"No, me no likee read 'um. Me sabee News long time. Allee Chinamen likee ketch 'um, makee cigarette paper-no muchy print on 'um! The Mongolian walked away with a

disappointed air and the conductor softly remarked to the brakeman: "Chinamen must have mouths of cast iron, or the concentrated lie in that pa per would eat their heads off?"

> Reduction in a Staple Article. [Detroit Free Press]

Things are about down to hard pan This is becoming more and more evident every day. For instance, there is hanging. Last week The Free Press received

a letter from a Pennsylvania man offering to furnish two hangings for one dollar Not only would the generous man do this, but he offered to throw in a complete history of the murders besides The time was when one hanging would have been thought cheap at five dollars. But now the hitherto expensive luxury of hanging is within the reach of all Hanging always has been cheap in Pennsylvania, chiefly on account of it being done at wholesale rates, but never be-fore has a hanging been offered for fifty cents, with an account of the murder

The "Western Ignoramus."

thrown in

If any of our friends up East imagine that the West is not a reading people let them reflect that every day in the year, there passes through the Chicago postoffice over 100,000 pounds of mail matter, and that Illinois handles more letters and papers than any other state in the Union outside of New York. [New Orleans Times.]

York World of a recent date. Some "The balloon is condemned by many, weeks or so ago a story reporting the scan-

> It was brought to the World office and for the World, as the story was exceedingly lively, sensational and nasty. The editor indignantly refused the offer on several grounds: That the story appeared to be false; was evidently malicious; irremediably ruined the character of a man and woman who enjoyed the confidence and respect of their friends and family; and because, even were it true, it was a matter unworthy of a piece in the columns of a decent newspaper. These reasons, sufficient, it would appear, for any respectable journal, did not suffice for one of the papers of the largest circulation in the West-the Chicago Times-for this very story, given in full, filled some five of the long columns of that paper. It is an encouraging fact however, to notice that the sensation did not "take," and that it has nowhere been republished. The course of the World in this mat-

ter is worthy of the highest praise and commendation. For some years back, the World declares, a regular brokerage business has sprung up in New York and other Northern cities for the sale of sensations and scandals. Blackmailers and adventurers derive a rich profit from this business. They pry into family se-crets and dig up old and forgotten family skeletons, write the matter up in a sensational style and then offer their manuscripts for sale to the papers, unless the actors who figure in them offer to buy these stories up. It is impossible for an outsider to know the immensity of this business, and how much the de cent newspapers of the country have to resist and fight against in opposing this system. They think, therefore, that those who refuse the advances of these sensationalists deserve credit and encouragement therefor. There is no doubt

> The Joys of Angling. [Detroit Free Press.]

A boy named Francis Debuc was arrested recently in Montreal for fishing He was fishing for dogs. He would fi a piece of meat to a rope and grease the rope. After the unfortunate animal ha gulped down half the rope in order swallow all he had contracted for, the heartless youth would haul him it Thus the boy himself came to be haule in by the greased rope of justice. Thi particular boy will mourn for three months that he practiced on the gullibility of the canine race. Still, his ingenious device should not be passed lightly by. It contains the germ of great poss bilities. Why could it not be utilze on cats? If any inventor can take this idea and put it in practicable shape so that we can, in a single night get, say a dozen cats on a string, he would be considered one of the greatest benefactors of the human race this age had produced. This suggestion is thrown out to those inventors who are now wasting their time on subjects like the electric light and others of far less importance to the welfare of mankind than the question of quiet nights and the extinction of cats.

The Enchanting Woman. (Cleveland Voice.)

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like a cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breaths from her; and she communicates this delight to all without making any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is

A Splendid Dairy

Is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in rder for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfect Butter Color. It gives the golden color of of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

When you are depressed by the gaunt ordered system, needs to be cleansed and stimulated into enithy action, take a dose or two of Ayer's Pills and see how quickly you can be re-

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Corrected to Accord With City Time-

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Depot, corner McLean ave. and Ge	st street.
Depart Cin'tt.	Arrive Cin'ti
Somerset Ex 8:80 a m	6:20 p m
Mt Sterling Ex 8:00 a m	
Frankiort Ex 8:00 a m	********
Richmond via Lexington 8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Crab Orchard vin Dan. Jun 8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Lexington Ac 4:00 p m	
Danville Ac	10:15 a m
AT: ANTIC & GREAT WESTERS Depct, Fifth and Hoadly.	· Name
New York Ex	5:23 p m 5:48 a m
LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT Depot, Front and Kilgour	
Louisville Ex. daily 7:04 a m	8:04 p.m
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Louisville daily 8:14 p m	diliam
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Parkersburg Ac 5:53 a m	5:38 p m
Hillsboro Ac 5:53 a m	6:38 p m
Parkersburg Fx. dally 8:08 a m	6:23 p m
Parkersburg Ex. daily 9:53 p to	6:23 a m
Loveland Ac 9:53 a m	
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Hillsboro Ac 8:18 p m	
Lovebund Ac 4:58 p m	0:35 a to

9:58 p in 9:53 a m 3:18 p m 3:18 p m 4:58 p m 6:08 p tr Loveland Ac. The 8:08 p. m. and 9:53 p. m. trat connect for Jackson and Portsmouth.

BALTIMORE & OHIO VIA PARKERSBURG. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Baltimore Ex. daily. Baltimore Ex daily. OHIO & MISCSSIPPI, Depot, Mill and Front. St. Louis Fast Line. St. Louis Ex. daily... Cairo Mail..... 7:57 a m Cairo Ex Evansville Mall
Evansville Ex
Kansas City Fast Line
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-2014 (ACC) -2017 - 201		
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Indianapolis Ex	4:13 pm	9:48 a.ua
Chicago Ex	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Chicago Ex., daily		7:28 a m
Glendale Ac	9:53 6 93	5:58 p m
Hamilton Ac		1:88 p m
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Chicago Mail.
Chicago Ex (daily).
St. Louis Mail.
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10:00 n 7:00 p m 9:00 i m 7:00 p m 9:00 a m 7:00 p m.

7:00 p m 3:30 p m 9:00 a m 7:00 p m Evanansville Ex. daily Burlington Ex. daily Pana Ex. daily alley Junction Ac alley Junction Ac. 6:50 p m 8:25 a m 10:35 a m 6:50 p m 10:35 a m

M. on Fridays. Sunday Accommodation Trains— Lawrenceburg Ac 9:30 a m 1:30 p m Harrison Ac., 6:45 p m ...10:00 p m WHITEWATER VALLEY. Depot, Pearl and Plum. 9:00 a m

WH AC ... funcie Ex. 10:35 A I . 5:00 p m Depc., Front and Kilgour. Amelia Ac...... Amelia Matl...... Amelia Ex..... 5:13 p m

5:13 p m PORT WAYNE, MUNCIE & CINCINNATI H. R. Fort Wayne Mail... Muncie Ex.... 6:50 p m 6:50 p m 10:85 a m 5:00 p m 5:00 p m 10:40 a m Muncie Ac., Sunday only..... 7:00 p m

Depot, Front and Kilgour. 4:33 a m

New York Ex 5:13 p m 6:58 p m 7:33 a m 6:23 p m oveland Ac 1:23 p m 9:18 a m lainville Ac.

a, m., and returning leaves Cincinnati at 1:58 p. m. Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Cleveland Express...... 7:53 a. m. OINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALIEV. Depot, Front and Kilgour. Zanesville Ex. Circleville Ac. 10:48 a. m. 2:53 p. m. 4:03 p. m. 11:08 a. m. INCINNATI AND RASTERN-BATAVIA NARB Depot, Front and Kilgour.

... 7:58 s. m. 4:08 p. m. RESTUREY CENTRAL.

. 7:15 a m . 2:00 p m . 2:00 p m . 5:56 p m . 12:00 p m